

CRIME

THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!

SMASHERS

JULY, No. 11
10¢



IT'S THAT ESCAPED
FIEND! HE'S A
KILLER... **STOP**
IN THE NAME OF
THE LAW, OR
I'LL SHOOT!!



MORNIN STAR
FIEND ESCAPES
STATE PRISON

featuring:
SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GAIL FORD

"MUSCLING-IN TO DOOM!"

by GENE LESLIE

GIRL FRIDAY

ONE EVENING, IN THE SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT MAINTAINED BY BARNEY DUANE... A MOBSTER AND RACKETEER, TOUGH BARNEY BRAGS TO MIMI, A GIRL WHOM HE HAS JUST MET AND WHO ATTRACTS HIM...

BABY, IT'S LUCKY YOU GOT TO KNOW ME! I GOT A BIG DEAL ON WITH A FOREIGN SYNDICATE THAT'S GOING TO BRING US A BARREL OF DOUGH!

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, HONEY, I'LL HELP YOU SPEND IT!



I GOTTA GO DOWNTOWN NOW TO TALK TO THE BOYS, MIMI!

CAN'T I COME TOO?



ALL RIGHT, COME ALONG. I WON'T BE LONG. WE'LL TAKE IN A NIGHT SPOT AFTERWARDS.

THAT'LL BE SWELL, HANDSOME!



NOW LISSEN, BOYS, THIS IS OUR BIGGEST DEAL YET, AND I WANT YOU ALL TO BE ON THE JOB!

YEAH... WE KNOW!



WHEN THE BOAT GETS IN TOMORROW, ONE OF THE CREW WILL BRING THE DOPE OFF AND DELIVER IT TO ME AT THE APARTMENT. THEN WE CUT IT AND START SELLING!



I'LL TAKE MY HALF OF THE DOUGH AS IT COMES IN AND YOU BOYS SPLIT THE OTHER HALF BETWEEN YOU!

YEAH?



LISSEN...WE BEEN DOIN' YOUR DIRTY WORK TOO LONG, AN' TAKIN' THE SHORT END OF EVERYTHING! WE AIN'T GONNA SPLIT NO HALF THREE WAYS!



YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU...

MAYBE YOU WANT THIS ROD TO TALK, EH?



YOU'RE THROUGH, DUANE! I'M TAKING OVER, SEE?

YOU LOUSE! YOU WOULDN'T DARE SHOOT ME!



NAH...WE GOT IT ALL FIXED!
WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU THE
SAME TREATMENT YOU HAD
US DISH OUT TO OTHER GUYS!

YOU...
YOU...



SPIKE! YOU'RE SHUT UP! JOSH, YOU TAKE
NOT GOING TO... THE DAME BACK TO
THE APARTMENT AND
WATCH HER! I'LL HELP
BUD CARRY DUANE...



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

IT'S HARD NOW. WHEN WE DUMP HIM
IN THE RIVER, HE'LL GO TO THE
BOTTOM... AND STAY THERE!



TAKE HIM OUT TO THE CAR
IN THE ALLEY AND OVER TO
THE WAREHOUSE. THAT'S
WHERE WE'LL FIX HIM UP!

UG!



IN THE WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE, SPIKE
POURS CONCRETE INTO A MOULD AROUND
BARNEY DUANE'S FEET...

THIS STUFF WILL HARDEN
IN A JIFFY! SEE IF THE
LAUNCH IS READY.

RIGHT
AWAY, BOSS!



SOON, THE MOBTERS' LAUNCH SNEAKS
OUT INTO THE DARK RIVER ON ITS
MISSION OF MURDER...



IN THE MURKY GLOOM, BARNEY DUANE IS SENT TO A WATERY GRAVE...



TAKE IT EASY, HANDSOME! LET ME CHANGE INTO SOME COMFORTABLE CLOTHES, AND I'LL FIX SOME DRINKS FOR ALL OF US.

OKAY, BABE. FIX YOURSELF REAL PRETTY, NOW WE'RE GONNA RELAX!



I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU... I'M TAKING OVER BARNEY'S MOB AND HIS GAL, TOO!



HOW'D EVERYTHING GO, BOSS?

SMOOTH AS SILK! I NEED A DRINK! WHERE'S THAT GUY'S LIQUOR?



PRESENTLY, MIMI RE-APPEARS...

THAT'S THE STUFF, BABY!

HOPE I DIDN'T KEEP YOU BOYS WAITING.



I ALWAYS SIDE WITH A WINNER, SPIKE!

YOU GOT BRAINS TOO, BABY!

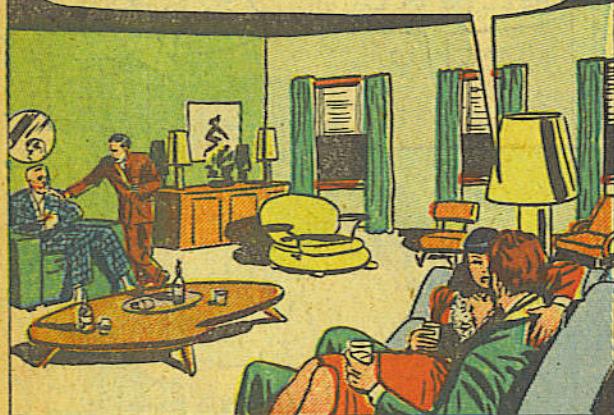


THE MOBSTERS DRINK AND CAROUSE
INTO THE EARLY MORNING...

THE REST OF THE BOYS WILL HEAR
TOMORROW THAT THEY'RE TAKING...
H/C...THEIR ORDERS FROM ME, NOW!

TOMORROW, WHEN THE "CARMANIA"
DOCKS, A GUY FROM THE CREW WILL
BRING THE DOPE SHIPMENT UP
HERE. THEN I'LL BUY YOU
DIAMONDS, BABY!

YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!



LATER, WHEN DRUNKEN SNORES
PERVERSE THE ROOM, MIMI SNEAKS OUT...



I THINK I'LL GO UP TO THE ROOF
FOR A BREATH OF AIR.

YES,
MA'AM.



BUT ON THE ROOF, MIMI CONFERS
WITH A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
LURKING THERE...



NEXT DAY, SOME MEMBERS OF THE CREW
OF THE "CARMANIA" GET SHORE LEAVE...



ONE OF THE CREW HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE GANGSTER'S APARTMENT...

HELLO, LUIGI. HAVE YOU GOT THE STUFF?

SURE. RIGHT HERE! WHERE'S DUANE?



WHILE THE MOBSTERS TALK, MIMI ADJUSTS THE SHADES...

OH, HE SAID FOR ME TO TAKE THE PACKAGE. HE'LL BE IN LATER.

I'D BETTER FIX THESE SHADES SO NOBODY'LL SEE YOU GUYS.



ON A ROOFTOP, ACROSS FROM THE APARTMENT, A GROUP OF FIGURES WATCH INTENTLY...

SEE THE SHADES? THAT'S THE SIGNAL. MEN. GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!



THE CREWMAN TURNS OVER THE CONSIGNMENT OF DOPE...

OKAY! I'M GLAD TO GET IT DELIVERED. NOW I CAN GO OUT AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, PAL!

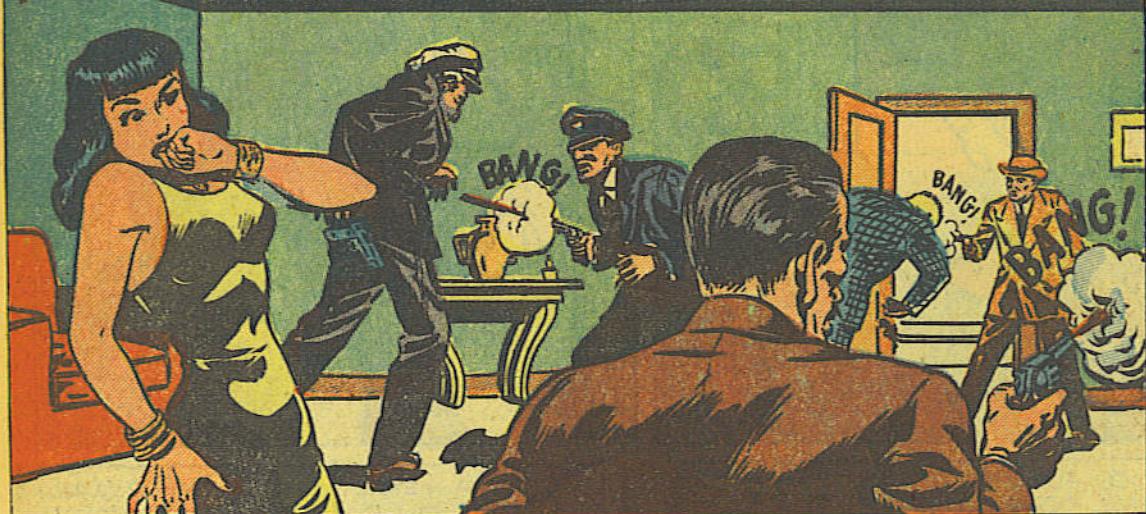


A KNOCK SOUNDS ON THE DOOR. WHAT'S THAT?

RADIOGRAM FOR MR. DUANE! VERY IMPORTANT!



THE GANGSTERS TRY TO SHOOT IT OUT, BUT THE POLICE QUICKLY CONTROL THE SITUATION...



SPIKE, CARRYING THE SMUGGLED DOPE, MAKES A BREAK FOR THE SERVICE STAIRS AND MIMI TRIES TO INTERCEPT HIM...





RAY HALE

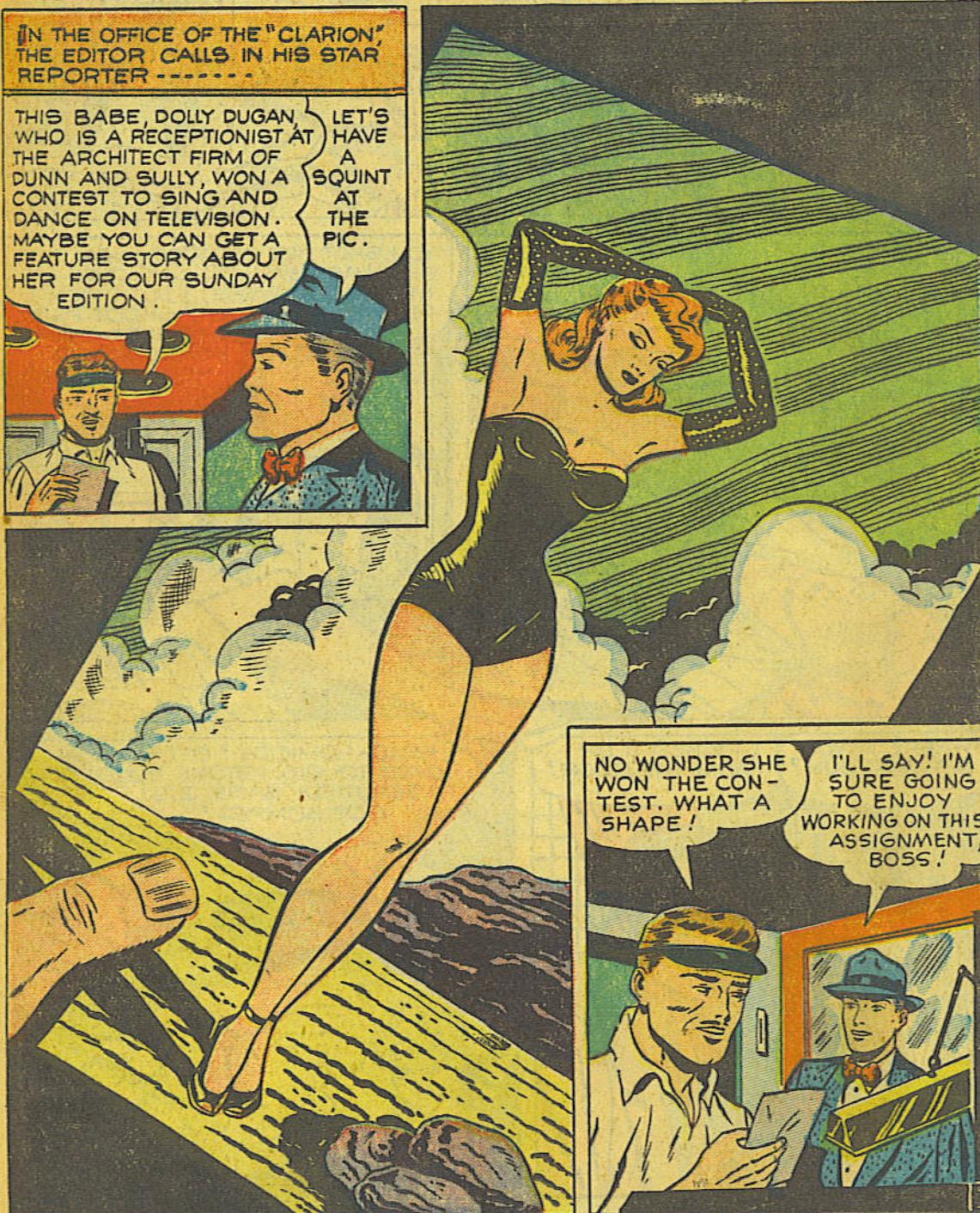
NEWS ACE

"DEATH IS THE PRIZE"

IN THE OFFICE OF THE "CLARION",
THE EDITOR CALLS IN HIS STAR
REPORTER -----

THIS BABE, DOLLY DUGAN, WHO IS A RECEPTIONIST AT THE ARCHITECT FIRM OF DUNN AND SULLY, WON A CONTEST TO SING AND DANCE ON TELEVISION. MAYBE YOU CAN GET A FEATURE STORY ABOUT HER FOR OUR SUNDAY EDITION.

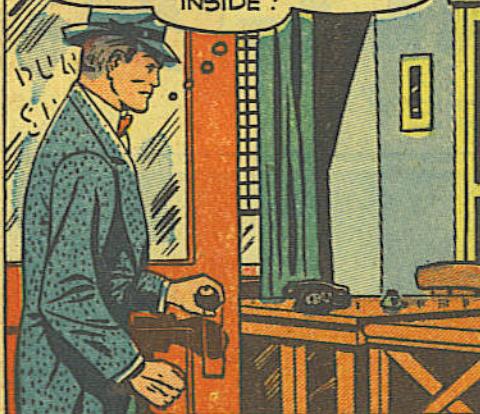
LET'S HAVE A SQUINT AT THE PIC.



GOING TO THE OFFICE OF DUNN AND SULLY, HALE FINDS THE RECEPTIONISTS DESK UNOCCUPIED---

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

THE CUTIE-PIE SHOULD BE
RIGHT HERE! MAYBE SHE'S
INSIDE!



THIS GIRL IS DEAD!
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M GEORGE
DUNN, A MEMBER
OF THE FIRM.
I.....



YOU SHOT HER BECAUSE
SHE WAS LEAVING.
MAYBE YOU WERE
IN LOVE WITH HER!

YES, I
LOVED HER
BUT I DIDN'T
SHOOT HER.
I JUST CAME
IN AND FOUND
HER LIKE THIS!



WHERE'D YOU
GET THAT GUN?

I PICKED IT UP
FROM THE FLOOR!



HELLO - HOMICIDE? GET RIGHT
OVER TO 916 ARTONE BUILDING:
A BEAUTIFUL BABE JUST
GOT BUMPED!

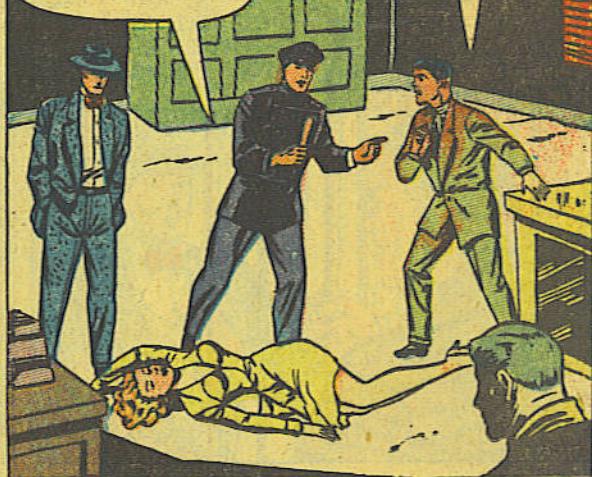


SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE, AND WITH THEM IS JACK GRIMES, A REPORTER FOR HALE'S RIVAL PAPER, THE "EXPRESS"



DUNN, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!



A LITTLE LATER, HALE IS IN A BAR WHEN EXTRAS HIT THE STREETS...

EXTRA! EXTRA!
GAL MURDERED
IN OFFICE!

HERE, BOY, GIVE
ME A 'PAPER'!



HALE GOES TO SEE MYRA PAYNE, WITH WHOM HE USED TO BE VERY FRIENDLY...

WHY HELLO, RAY. LONG TIME SINCE I'VE SEEN YOU!

HELLO, MYRA



WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY?

WE'VE BEEN WASHED UP FOR SOME TIME, RAY. AND I DON'T WANT TO START IN AGAIN!



WHO'S YOUR NEW BOY FRIEND?

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW - IT'S JACK GRIMES, OF THE "EXPRESS"!



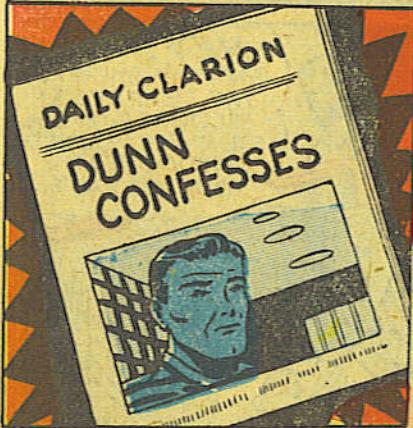
NEXT DAY, HALE TALKS TO DUNN AT THE JAIL...

I DIDN'T KILL HER, HALE. I SWEAR!

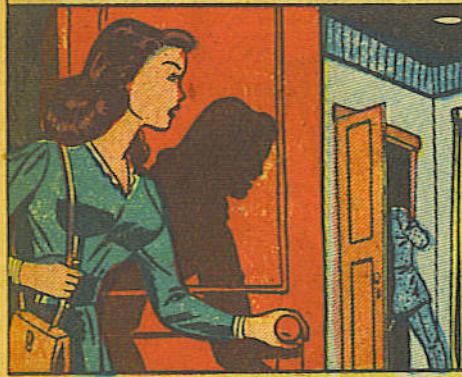
I BELIEVE YOU AND I THINK I CAN HELP YOU PROVE IT!

I WANT YOU TO MAKE A FAKE CONFESSION. I WILL USE IT TO TRAP THE REAL KILLER!

I'LL DO IT IF YOU'RE SURE IT WILL WORK!



BOON, MYRA ENTERS AND HALE
HIDES IN A CLOSET...



MYRA! HAVE YOU
SEEN THE
PAPERS ?

NO -
WHAT'S
WRONG !



UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE, SHE STARTS TO
CHANGE HER CLOTHES...



DUNN HAS THAT CAN'T
CONFESSED ! BE ! WE
I DON'T PLANNED
GET IT ! IT OURSELVES
AND YOU SHOT HER !

AFTER ALL, THAT'S HOW I WILL
SUCCEED TO THE CONTEST
TOP SPOT, WITH HER OUT OF
THE WAY. I WAS RUNNER UP !

YES IT WAS A TRICK
AND IT WORKED. YOU
TWO HAVE JUST PUT
THE FINGER ON
YOURSELVES !





BUT A QUICK BULLET FROM BYRNES
SMASHES THE GUN FROM MYRA'S
HAND...

OOH!



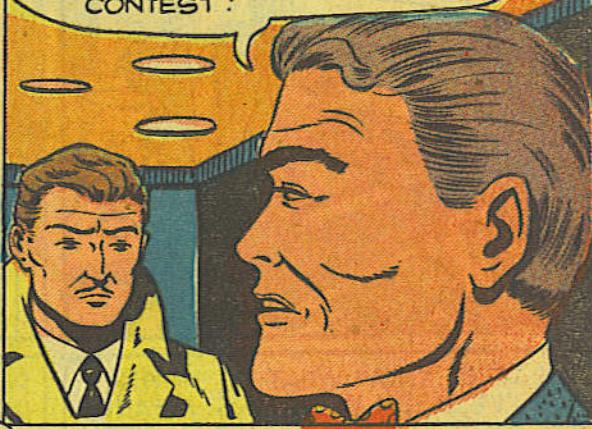
OOH, MY
HAND !

WISE GUY,
EH !



JUST A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAN,
GRIMES. I PHONED IN MY STORY
ON THE MURDER BEFORE YOU
DID. YET YOUR EXTRA HIT THE
STREETS BEFORE MINE. THAT
SHOWED THAT YOU KNEW
ABOUT THE KILLING BEFORE
ME !

I SUSPECTED YOU HAD A HAND IN IT
WHEN MYRA TOLD ME YOU WERE HER
CURRENT BEAU. I HAD ALREADY
FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS THE
RUNNER-UP IN THE TELEVISION
CONTEST !



COME ON
YOU TWO!

SEE YOU IN THE
DEATH HOUSE,
PALS !

HELLO, BOSS. GET READY TO
PUT OUT ANOTHER EXTRA!
HERE'S THE STORY...



LOOK FOR RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT
ISSUE .

SALLY in "GHOSTLY QUEST" the SLEUTH

by Charles Barr

ONE DAY, AN ELDERLY DOMESTIC CALLS ON THE CHIEF WITH A TALE OF TROUBLE - WITH AN ODD SUPERNATURAL ANGLE...

I'M THE COOK OUT AT OLD MRS. MEADE'S. SOME AWFULLY STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING ON.

OH, YES, SHE'S THE WEALTHY OLD LADY WHO LIVES IN THAT OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN.



GHOSTS HAVE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, DISHES ARE BROKEN, LAMPS TOPPLE OVER -- AND WORST OF ALL -- THE BIG OLD ORGAN IN THE DRAWING ROOM PLAYS ALL BY ITSELF!

ARE YOU SURE IT'S GHOSTS - ?



WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BUT I'VE BEEN WITH MRS. MEADE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND I'M VERY FEARFUL FOR HER. SHE'S ALL UPSET, AND WITH HER BAD HEART - !



PLEASE TRY TO DO SOMETHING. I DON'T WANT MY MISTRESS TO DIE OF SHOCK. I'D BE OUT OF A GOOD JOB.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL CALL THERE IN PERSON, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT YOU TIPPED ME OFF.



NEXT DAY, THE CHIEF CALLS ON MRS. MEADE IN HER OLD MANSION...

I'M A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR, MRS. MEADE. I HEAR THERE ARE STRANGE OCCURRANCES HERE.

OH YES, THEY REALLY HAVE US TERRIFIED. WE CAN FIND NO NATURAL CAUSE FOR THEM.

THE MOST AWFUL IS THAT ORGAN MUSIC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. IT WAKES ME UP AND MY HEART SEEMS READY TO BURST!



THIS IS MY NIECE, DONNA, AND SETH WALTON, MY PRIVATE SECRETARY FOR MANY YEARS.

HOW DO YOU DO?

PLEAS'D TO KNOW YOU.

HOWDY.



YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY HERE WHILE YOU FERRET OUT THE CAUSE OF THESE MYSTIFYING HAPPENINGS.

THANK YOU, I'LL BE BACK TO SPEND THE NIGHT.



LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

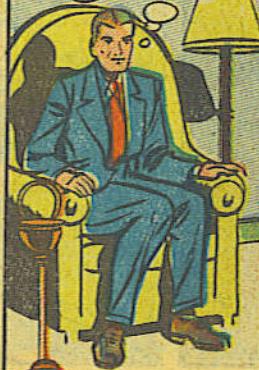
SALLY, GET HOLD OF "PEANUTS" AND KEEP WATCH ON THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD HOUSE. I'LL BE INSIDE.

OKAY, CHIEF.



THAT NIGHT, IN THE OLD HOUSE...

I THINK I'LL SIT HERE AND SEE WHAT GOES ON-



OUTSIDE, SALLY AND "PEANUTS" AN URCHIN WHO HELPS HER ON HER CASES, ARE HIDDEN BY BUSHES...

T'INK DE GHOSTS WILL COME, SALLY?

I DON'T KNOW, PEANUTS, JUST WAIT AND SEE-



AS THE LONG HOURS
QUIETLY PASS, THE
CHIEF DOZES OFF ...



NEXT MORNING, THE MEADE FAMILY GATHER...

NOT A SOUND
LAST NIGHT,
MRS. MEADE.

THANK GOODNESS,
IT WAS THE
FIRST QUIET
NIGHT IN A
LONG TIME.

PERHAPS OUR
GHOSTS WERE
AFRAID TO COME
OUT WITH YOU
ON WATCH.



I'M AFRAID THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE OF
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA
HERE. I SHALL
NOT BE BACK.

WELL, I HOPE
YOU'VE CHASED
THEM AWAY
FOR GOOD.



LATER, AT THE OFFICE ...

I'M NOT GIVING UP THAT MEADE CASE
AT ALL. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT OUR
GHOST WILL START AGAIN, ONCE I'M
OUT OF THE WAY.



THAT NIGHT, ON THE MEADE GROUNDS...

IT'S AFTER
TWO O'CLOCK,
CHIEF.

MAYBE SOMETHING IS
GOING TO HAPPEN
SOON, SALLY.



AN INSTANT LATER THE EERIE
TONES OF THE ORGAN COME FLOAT-
ING FROM THE DARK OLD HOUSE ...

LISTEN!

YIPE!



THE CHIEF SLIPS INTO
A FIRST-FLOOR WINDOW...



NOBODY PLAYING THIS
ORGAN, SURE ENOUGH -



APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS
SEND THE CHIEF INTO
A NEARBY DOOR ...



DONNA ENTERS THE DRAWING ROOM...



I WISH THAT
INVESTIGATOR
WERE HERE -!



INSIDE THE NARROW DOOR...

THIS SEEMS TO LEAD UP
BACK OF THE ORGAN ---

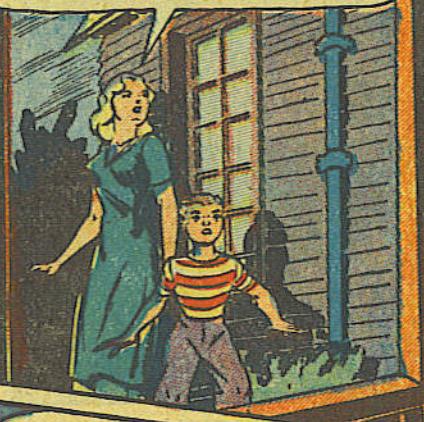


THERE ARE THE ORGAN PIPES,
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYBODY'S
BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS -

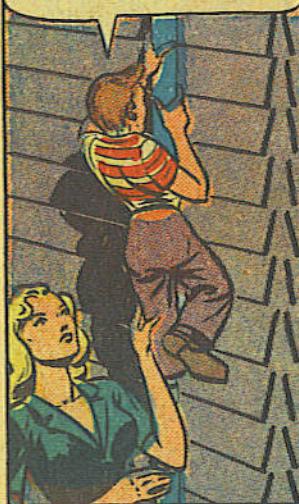


SALLY AND PEANUTS, UNDER THE EAVES, HEAR A SOUND...

LISTEN! SOMEONE'S UP THERE - ON THE ROOF - !!



I'M GONNA SEE WHO DID THAT!



A LITTLE FIGURE SCURRIES ACROSS THE ROOF, WITH PEANUTS IN PURSUIT...



DARN IT! LOST HIM !!



SORRY, SALLY, HE GOT AWAY, A LITTLE RUNT, TOO, LOOKED LIKE A DWARF.

WE'LL TELL THE CHIEF.



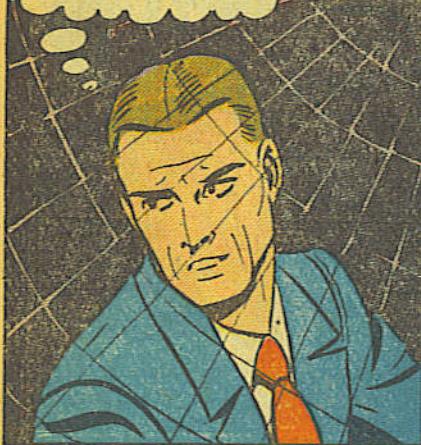
SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM ISSUES FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS...

AI-EE-EEE!



THE CHIEF HEARS IT...

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!



IN THE HALL, HE MEETS DONNA...

WHAT'S UP?

OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE! SOMETHING AWFUL JUST CRAWLED INTO MY WINDOW!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

LOOK, SALLY - COMING OUT OF THAT WINDOW!



YES, I SEE IT, BUT WE CAN'T GET UP THERE IN TIME TO CATCH IT -

A SEARCH OF DONNA'S ROOM REVEALS NO SIGN OF AN INTRUDER, SO THE CHIEF CALLS A HUDDLE TO ARRANGE A PLAN...

TOMORROW NIGHT, WE'LL SLIP IN AFTER DARK AND TAKE OUR POSTS AS I TELL YOU-



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT FINDS THE CHIEF BEHIND A CURTAIN IN THE DRAWING ROOM...



...SALLY JOINS DONNA IN HER BEDROOM...



...AND PEANUTS HIDES ON THE ROOF...



IN THE WEE, SMALL HOURS, THE CHILLING STRAINS OF THE ORGAN ARE HEARD AGAIN ...



THE CHIEF, SILENTLY CREEPING UP BEHIND THE ORGAN, FLASHES HIS LIGHT...



HALT - OR I'LL SHOOT!



THE LITTLE FIGURE SLIDES THROUGH A SMALL DOOR TO THE ROOF, WITH THE CHIEF CLOSE BEHIND ...

THERE HE GOES!
GET HIM,
PEANUTS!



WITH PEANUTS CLOSING IN ON HIM, THE FUGITIVE DIVES INTO A WINDOW...



AIEE-EE!
THERE IT IS AGAIN!!

GOT YOU,
PAL!!



SO - HERE'S THE LITTLE DEVIL WHO'S BEEN FRIGHTENING THE WITS OUT OF YOU ALL.

LEMMIE GO!



PRESENTLY, ALL GATHER IN THE DRAWING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS. SETH WALTON COMES IN LAST...

DADDY!
DON'T LET THEM -

WELL, I'LL BE -!



DON'T HURT HIM. HE'S MY SON - A POOR MISSHAPEN LITTLE CREATURE, BUT ALL I HAVE. I MAY AS WELL CONFESS. I HAD HIM HIDDEN IN A SECRET ROOM UPSTAIRS, AS I COULD FIND NO ONE TO CARE FOR HIM, I TAUGHT HIM TO PLAY THE GHOSTLY PRANKS AT NIGHT.

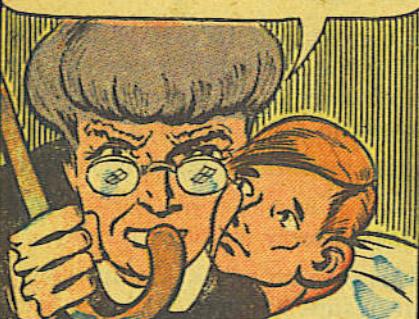
BUT WHY?



WELL, I KNEW THAT MRS. MEADE IS TO LEAVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HER WILL, I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD HASTEN A HEART ATTACK, I WOULD COLLECT THE MONEY AND HAVE JOHNNY TAKEN CARE OF PROPERLY -- AND I FAILED!

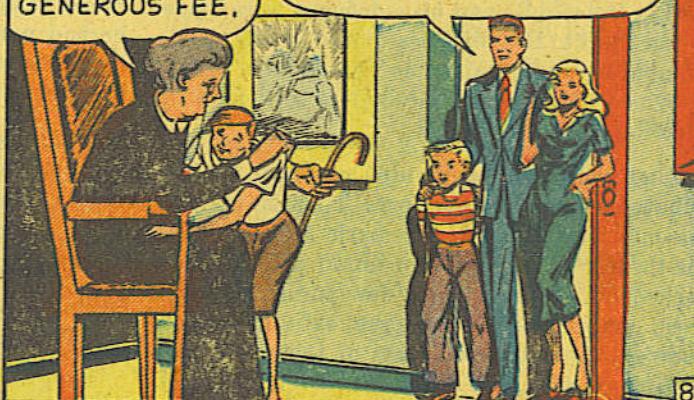


YOU INGRATE! TO TRY TO KILL ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS IN MY EMPLOY! I'LL LEAVE YOU NOTHING! I WON'T PROSECUTE YOU, BUT GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE. THIS POOR BOY STAYS HERE. I'LL SEE THAT HE HAS A GOOD HOME.



THANK YOU FOR CLEARING THIS UP FOR US, I'LL PAY YOU A GENEROUS FEE.

THANKS, MRS. MEADE, I'LL USE THE MONEY TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR THESE TWO KIDS HERE.



DON'T MISS SALLY'S NEW CASE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE ...

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

THE TOP SLEUTH OF MOVIELAND, TURNER'S CASES OFTEN TAKE HIM INTO THE BIG STUDIOS AND SOUND STAGES. ONE DAY, WHEN HE VISITS THE SUPERTONE LOT, HE ENCOUNTERS "THE TRAP FOR A BOOBY"

IS PAT CARSON AROUND? WE HAVE A DATE FOR LUNCH,

PAT'S PLANTIN' EXPLOSIVES ON A KOREAN BATTLEFIELD SET INSIDE. YOU CAN GO RIGHT IN.



ON THE GIGANTIC STAGE, CARSON, DYNAMITE EXPERT, IS LAYING LAND MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS FOR A MOVIE BATTLE SCENE ABOUT TO BE FILMED . . .

HI, THERE, PAT —

HELLO, SHERLOCK — I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I BURY THIS POWDER CHARGE.



CARSON EXPLAINS HIS JOB...

I PLANT THESE EXPLOSIVES AND RUN WIRES TO AN ELECTRIC KEYBOARD. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TO INJURE ANYBODY, BUT IT LOOKS REALISTIC IN THE PICTURE.

I SEE — JUST LIKE SHELLS GOING OFF —

AS TURNER AND CARSON START TO LUNCH, AN INEBRIATED BIT-PLAYER, JEFF DOANE, APPEARS.

JUST A MINUTE, CARSON, YOU LOUSHY CROOK! THE DICE WERE CROOKED WHEN YOU WON MY DOUGH IN THAT CRAP GAME LAST NIGHT!

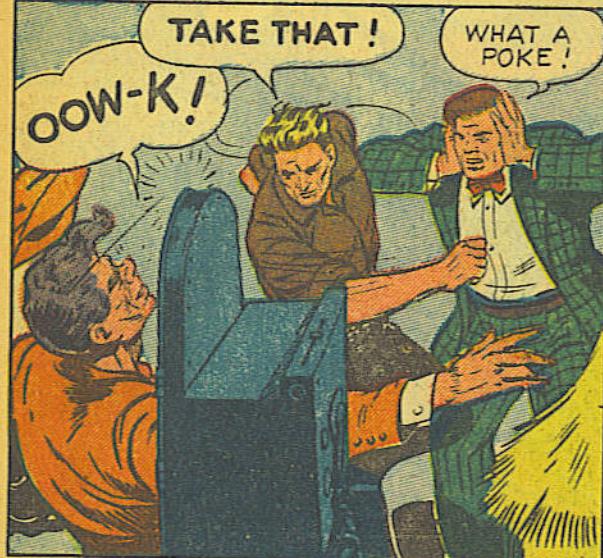
LAY OFF ME, DOANE, YOU'RE DRUNK!



DON'T CALL ME A CROOK! SAY THAT AGAIN, AND I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU COULDN'T KILL A COCKROACH!





PRESENTLY, IN THE COMMISSARY, TURNER'S LUNCH WITH CARSON IS INTERRUPTED...

HERE COMES VIC MULLINS, THE PIC'S DIRECTOR.

WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?

I HATE TO CUT YOUR LUNCH SHORT, BUT I'M READY TO SHOOT THE BATTLE SCENE.



WHERE'S THE COP WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE ON DUTY HERE?

I GUESS HE DESERTED HIS POST. WE MAY AS WELL GO IN. THE CAST IS ALL ASSEMBLED.

I'LL ENJOY SEEING THIS CLAMBAKE.



ON THE SET, A CAMERAMAN MAKES A PECULIAR DISCOVERY...

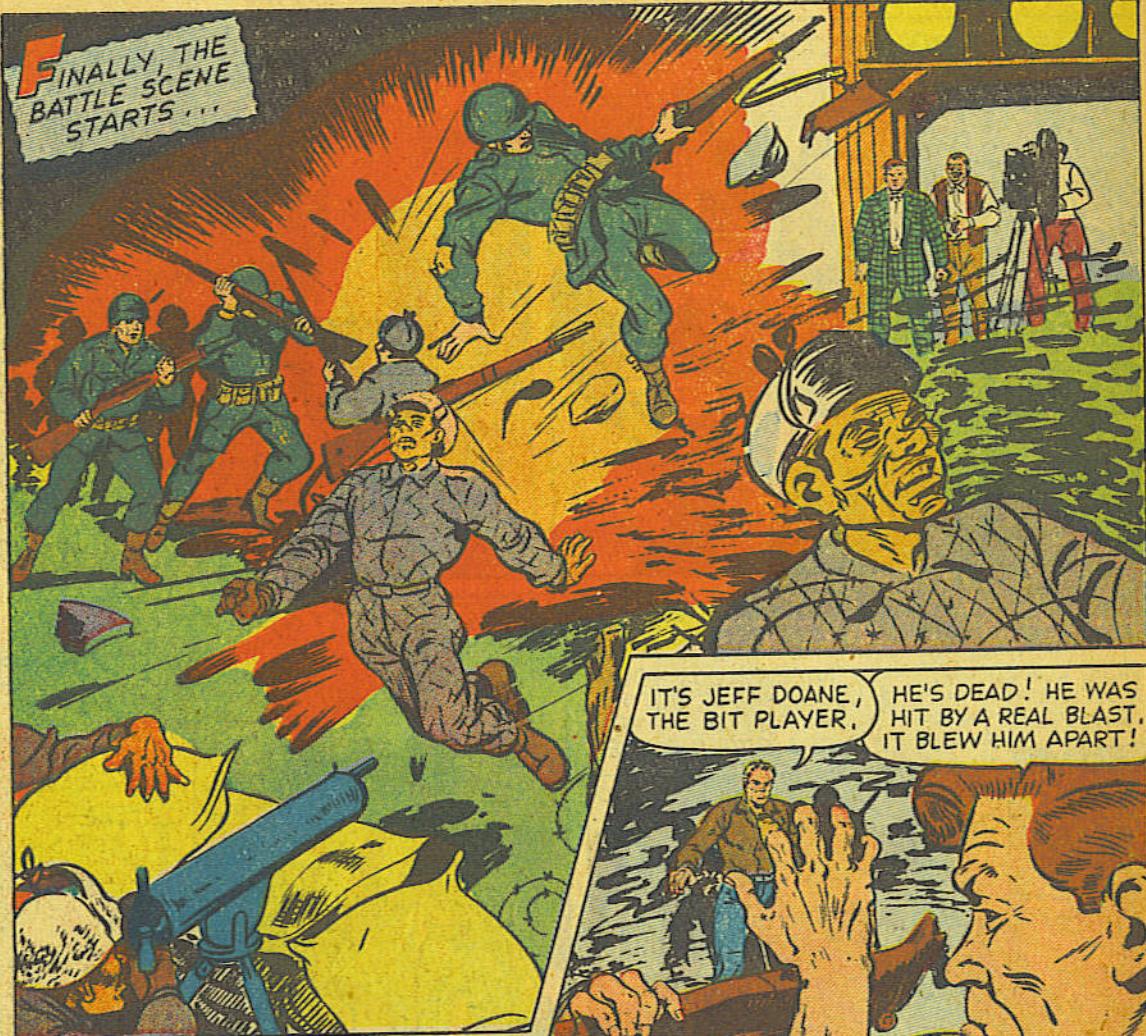
GOSH, THIS CAMERA'S RUNNING - IT USED UP A SPOOL OF FILM! WONDER WHO SWITCHED IT ON? BETTER NOT MENTION IT... THEY MIGHT BLAME ME FOR WASTING FOOTAGE!

TURNER NOTICES THE CAMERAMAN RELOADING HIS MACHINE...

THAT GUY'S DELAYING THE TAKE...



**FINALLY, THE
BATTLE SCENE
STARTS ...**



**SATISFIED, MULLINS GRANTS A RECESS
BUT ONE FALLEN MAN FAILS TO RISE...**

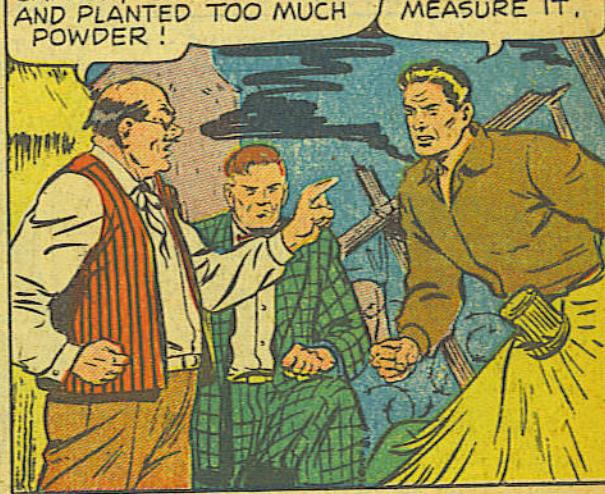
CUT! WE'LL PRINT
THAT. ALL TAKE A
HALF HOUR'S REST.

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT GUY
OVER THERE?



CARSON, YOU GOT CARELESS
AND PLANTED TOO MUCH
POWDER !

NO! I ALWAYS
MEASURE IT.



THERE WAS BAD BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND DOANE. I HEARD THAT YOU TWO HAD A BRAWL BEFORE LUNCH !

BUT I WOULDN'T DELIBERATELY KILL HIM !

YOU SAY THAT BECAUSE YOU WANT TO GET RID OF ME, YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I TOOK YOU FOR TWO GRAND IN A CRAP GAME A MONTH AGO !

THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH DOANE'S DEATH !

SORRY, PAT, I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU FOR THE COPS. I WON'T LET YOU!



THE CAMERAMAN SPEAKS UP...

THIS'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE —

SAY, WHEN YOU BUMPED THIS CAMERA, YOU STARTED IT RUNNING.



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. WASN'T THE CAMERA RUNNING A WHILE AGO ?

YES - IT USED UP A WHOLE REEL.



PAT, DO YOU REMEMBER
KNOCKING DOANE AGAINST
THE CAMERA?

SURE - SO
WHAT?

THAT STARTED IT RUNNING.
SUPPOSE SOMEBODY CAME ON
THE SET AND PLANTED AN
EXTRA HEAVY CHARGE OF EX-
PLOSIVE WHILE
WE WERE
EATING -

SAY - THERE
WOULD BE A
MOVIE OF HIM.
IT WOULD SHOW
THE REAL
KILLER!

MULLINS TAKES THE TIN...

YOU MEAN
THIS REEL
HERE?

HEY, DON'T OPEN
THAT! YOU'LL
FOG THE FILM
AND RUIN IT!

CATCH THAT NEGATIVE, PAT!
VIC MULLINS JUST GAVE
HIMSELF DEAD AWAY!

YIPE!

I - I
WON'T
TALK!

WE'LL HAVE PROOF WHEN THE
NEGATIVE IS DEVELOPED. SPILL,
MULLINS, OR I'LL RENDER YOUR
PUSS INTO CRANBERRY JELLY!

YOU CRAVED TO GET CARSON
CANNED, SO YOU PLANTED THE
EXTRA CHARGE OF POWDER,
SO HE'D SEEM CARELESS!

I CONFESS, BUT
I DIDN'T MEAN TO
KILL ANYBODY.

YEAH, YOU
ONLY FIGURED
TO INJURE A
FEW EXTRAS.

THAT'S RIGHT.
IT WASN'T
PREMEDITATED
MURDER!

NUTS TO THAT ANGLE! YOU'LL
WIND UP IN THE GOW AS SOON
AS I PHONE DAVE DONALDSON
OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD!